AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"--A. LINCOLN.

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Miscellaneous.

GOOD-MANNERS.

"Manners make the man," says the apophthegm. We might add—the woman also; for there is nothing more attractive than grace of manner, nothing more winning than good-manners. We do not refer now to *etiquette*, or the arbitrary customs of society, which differ with every nation, and sometimes differ in different parts of the same nation; though *etiquette* and good-manners are frequently nearly allied. Nor do we refer to what Mr. Turveydrop calls "deportment;" nor yet to "courtesy." Deportment comprehends the whole external expression of the individual, while courtsey involves refinement. To have a good deportment one must have good manners; but one will have a higher deportment who has courtesy. Every one may have good manners; only the refined can have courtesy.—Courtesy was born of chivalry. It is a generous virtue, and can not live in an ignoble atmosphere. The strength of man and the gentleness of woman begat courtesy, which since that day has lived upon earth to elevate and refine the relations of both.

The real basis of good-manners is a kind and sympathizing heart, by means of which we are enabled to feel with and appreciate others. This explains why there is such difference in people in regard to "innate refinement." Some people are better constituted naturally than others; are more susceptible of development. We all like to be appreciated; there is no exception to the rule; and we all experience a sensation of mortification when we feel that we have been neglected or treated with indifference.—Nothing sooner arouses the spirit of jealousy, which is so predominant a feature in human nature, than a sense of non-appreciation, especially in persons who are gifted with a sensitive nature. It is a common failing with all of us to fancy that we are not adequately appreciated; but not to be appreciated at all is more than philosophy can endure. Some persons are so dull by nature that they are incapable of appreciating with any niceness the feelings of others. Such persons are generally rude, and their wit, if they have any, is always of the offensive kind. Graham one evening, rattling away to Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith, exclaimed. "*Doctor*, I should be happy to see you at Eton." "I shall be glad to wait on you," answered Goldsmith. "No," said Graham, "'tis not you I mean, Dr. *Minor*;" "'tis Dr. *Major* there." "What effect this had on Goldsmith, who was as irascible as a hornet," Dr. Johnson used to add, says Boswell, "may easily be conceived." Graham was drunk—not an uncommon thing in those days; even Bozzy got drunk—and for this reason may be excused for his rudeness; but Dr. Johnson's enjoyment of the scene shows the rugged, coarse nature which marked him quite as much as his intellectual ability and broad culture. It is a clear evidence how remarkable the latter qualities must have been that people could have endured the former. We do not wonder that Mrs. Boswell entertained so poor an opinion of her husband's "governor," particularly when the Doctor tipped up the candle intentionally and let the grease run down upon the carpet.—Yet the rough old royal brute was in the main a good man, and did many kind things. He only wanted to be appreciated up to the point demanded by his vanity.

There are people who are not stupid but malicious, and therefore take pleasure in wounding the feelings of others, or in gratifying themselves at the expense of others. Such persons indulge in the vulgarity of endeavoring to make butts of others, or in the meaness of talking *at* people, or in introducing subjects which must be *malapropos*.

The two classes we have referred to—the stupidly rude and the maliciously rude—both need to be regenerated and renewed. Nothing less will enable them either to appreciate or acquire good-manners.

In conversation we often hear good-breeding and politeless used interchangeably with good-manners as phrases of the same import. Yet there is a difference in these words. Good-breeding, like deportment, is a large expression. To be well-bred one must have been brought up in a certain way, have had certain advantages and opportunities, and improved those advantages and opportunities. A well-bred person will be a polite person necessarily. But a person may have good-manners yet not be polite; for the manners may be good according to the opportunities. Politeness springs from cultivation. Its development will depend upon capacity and opportunity. Some people have no capacity for manners, some can be drilled into behaving themselves, while others exhibit a natural adaptation to attaining an agreeable demeanor. How often do we hear it said, "So-and-so is a boor; you can make nothing of him;" and again, "What pleasant manners Mrs. So-and- so has!" —"Yes, they are natural to her." There is innate refinement, and there is native grace, and when they are cultivated the result is very charming. "Opportunity and importunity," said an Irishman who fell from grace, "are too much for poor humanity!" When nature and association are against a man a Turveydrop will hardly make him pass muster in a review where manners is the ordeal.

Good manners refer to personal intercourse whether the persons are present or absent. They involve respect, frankness, consideration, so that you always behave toward others, reserving to yourself the right to select your acquaintances, and to determine the measure of the acquaintanceship, as you would wish they should behave unto you. Whoever cultivates such principles of action will be, according to the position in the world he occupies, the possessor of good-manners.

These were the principles which governed Robert Burns, who, born a peasant, moved with ease in the society of his day, from the hut to the castle, whose associates reached from the commonest and most illiterate to the most distinguished and most cultivated in Scotland. Such, too, were the principles of the Ettrick Shepherd, who boasted that he had moved in every grade of society, and had found himself so much at home in each that he could not tell to which he really belonged. When Alton Locke found himself at Lord Lyndale's, not a little nervous in so new a sphere, he received from a friend this piece of advice: "Be natural." It was as good advice as could have been given. To be kind, sincere, unaffected, is to be well-mannered.

Respect, consideration, kind feeling, have a great deal to do with oiling the wheels of the world. It is singular how often we find those who should know what good manners require apparently indifferent in regard to some of the customs of life which should never be neglected.

Clergymen even, who should set an example of good-breeding, are often grossly negligent in the matter of replying to letters. The very persons, too, who are most regardless of other's interests and feelings are the most prompt to take offense. Let one of those distinguished people who never can remember or find time to write, address a letter to another upon some subject requiring an answer and find no notice taken of it, and the deeply injured individual will quite fail to recognize that he is receiving some of the coin of which he has disbursed so much. People ought not to forget what concerns themselves and have no apology for forgetting what interests others. If it were only a matter of feeling, still feelings should be regarded.

Society is becoming sadly vulgarized by the introduction of slang, so that the pure speaker is rare. It passes for wit or humor with some people, especially with those who are incapable of either, very much as conceit passes for cleverness with the unintellectual and uninformed.

Sobriquet are among the vulgarisms which should awaken disgust. What can be more rude than to apply epithets and names to others, thus rendering them subjects of ridicule. Satire is allowable; it can be indulged in face to face and need not ruffle a feather. It shows a want of cleverness to allow satire to degenerate into sarcasm. Sarcasm may be permitted under certain circumstances, for as a distinguished President of the United States once remarked, "Hitting hard and feeding off is sometimes a pleasant occupation." But vulgar rudeness should be classed with that "mediocre excellence in poets which," Horace says, "is intolerable to gods and men."

We have often noticed a point in *etiquette* which seems expressly adapted to the protection of the rights and feelings of both sexes. We allude to the custom which requires the lady to speak first, and which required the gentlemen to return the bow when a lady and gentleman, presumed acquaintances, meet in the street. The philosophy of the rule is this, for there is sound philosophy in manners: were the gentleman to bow first it would be in the power of the lady to ignore the bow, and thus mortify the gentleman who only intended a politeness. The lady bowing first, the gentleman, in deference to her sex, must return the bow; thus the lady is protected.—Further, she is guarded from the intrusion of impudent men upon her acquaintance, and men likewise are assured against the rudeness of pert women. If the lady does not bow, things remain as they were; neither is injured, neither can take exception.

In nothing are good manners more apparent than in the mode of differing in conversation. Observe the perfect courtesy manifested by the well-bred man or woman. The difference only acts as a stimulus to the conversation. Indeed it may be considered rather pleasant than otherwise, awakening the powers of both the talkers, and giving life to the scene. Argument and debate are generally to be deprecated in society, for they are apt to run into harshness and no one is convinced. Argument and contradiction are favorite modes of the ill-mannered. It is better to treat the ill-mannered as Dante did the contemptible spirits—"not talk about them, but observe and pass on."

It is often discussed whether manners are better in the country or in the city. In the city there is more style, more finish, more *tournure*; while in the country there is more heart, more sympathy, more geniality, more frankness. The women of the city are apt to be, owing to having had greater advantages, more cultivated than their sisters in the country. In the practical affairs of life, however, they are not so well informed. Ladies in the city walk better, dance better, sing better, play better, and speak more foreign languages than the ladies of the country; but it is questionable whether they can keep house as well, or do many other things as well as those who are compelled to rely chiefly upon themselves. People in the country are usually better read than those in the city. Perhaps it is because they have more time, and are less attracted by various amusements and pleasures.

Manners, whether in town or country, will vary according to the character of the individual and the measure of the breeding, with the degree of good sense and good taste. They who think that bluntness is honesty will be rude to the end; and they who think consideration the father of courtesy will progress toward refinement. Manners are not a matter of slight importance. Regarded at large, they are as Burke remarks, "what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in." Refinement in manners is one of the marked proofs of the advancement of a nation and the culture of the people. The ancients had manners, and very bad manners. Refined in some of their tastes and habits they were brutal in many of their ways. Courtesy, as we have said, grew out of chivaly, politeness is the offspring of culture. Good manners commend themselves, and, like good wine, need no bush.

An exchange in announcing the prospective completion of a railroad, says: We feel confident the steam steed will wend its way through our emerald vales ere the leafy livery of nature dons the sober hue of autumn.

A letter bearing the following inscription was dropped into the Newark postoffice without any stamp: 'Bummer's letter; shove it ahead; dead broke and nary a red. Postmaster, shove this letter through; when I get paid I'll pay you.'

The Superintendent of a Sunday School, in Hartford Connecticut, recently made his annual report, in which he recommended that the adult members should go to work and do all in their power to *increase the infant class* in his school during the coming year.

THE credit system has been carried to a pretty fine point in some of the rural districts, if we may judge from the following dialogue, said to have recently occurred between a customer and a proprietor: 'Haow is trade, square?' 'Wall, cash trade's kinder dull naow, Major.' 'Dun anything terday?' 'Wall, only a leetle—on credit. Aunt Betsey Pushard bort an egg's worth of tea, and got trusted for it till her speckled pullet lays.'

A certain farmer (a pillar of the church) had a fine field of wheat which, being a little late, was threatened with an early frost. In the emergency he went into his closet and wrestled with the Lord for its preservation. In his prayer he stated the facts fully and how the wheat would be affected by the frost, and wound up his petition in these words: 'Not, Lord, that I would dictate, but merely recommend and advise.'

A certain judge, who was notorious for carrying the precise and formal habits of the bench into private life, was one day entertaining some friends at his table, asked a magistrate who was present if he would take some venison. 'Thank you, my lord,' was the reply, 'I am going to take some boiled chicken.' 'That, sir,' answered the judge, testily, 'is no answer to my question—I ask you again if you will take some venison, sir, and I will trouble you to say 'yes, or 'no,' without further prevarication.'

CHAPTER ON "CRIBBING."

BY A HEARER.

I remember to have seen a horse in a town roaming at large for several weeks seemingly without an owner. He was always thin in flesh, yet always round and plump. I was led to inquire the cause of this strange appearance and was told that he was a "cribber" or "wind sucker." The answer was altogether unintelligible to me till one day I saw him with his teeth griping the top of a fence post with a general contraction of the muscular system, when with a sudden spasmodic motion he took a suck of wind, continuing the strange process till thoroughly inflated, giving an appearance of rotundity such as might be expected after grazing all day in a clover field. Among farmers this singular habit of the horse is called "*cribbing*," and is known to be exceedingly difficult of cure, very damaging to the reputation of the animal, and subtracts largely from its value.

But the horse is not alone guilty of "cribbing." We have known people otherwise intelligent and sensible indulging in this folly. Entertaining a favorable opinion of themselves they are ever seeking commendation and praise from others; never satisfied till they hear a puff upon their performances directly or indirectly, and the more direct the better. Unless the puff of wind comes along voluntarily and speedily, "cribbing" is commenced and continued till the inflation is complete. Even good people are plagued with this disgusting weakness. We have been especially pained to witness it among ministers of the gospel; men of piety and devotion, called of God "to preach, not themselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord" seeming to have a stronger regard for the opinions and applause of man than for the account they shall render to God in the great day.

Having preached a passable sermon they cannot rest till they know by the testimony of many witnesses how it was received. If no one among his "attentive hearers" volunteers immediately to praise his effort he at once looks around for an available post and at once nerves himself for "cribbing." Wind he must have if he has to suck it.—Having selected his victim he begins by some indirect allusion to the services. Perhaps apologizing for the length of the sermon; expecting to hear this reply: "O! no brother, the people were not wearied in the least; they would have listened to such a sermon with pleasure an hour longer. I was delighted with it." Or, he may remark to another: "I was not prepared to preach to-day, I had given but little thought to the subject." Then comes a significant pause full of sweet expectation and at length follows the delectable response: "If you can preach like that without a preparation you had better preach off hand altogether, it was the best sermon I have heard in a long time." To another he complains of having been indisposed, had the headache all the morning and was entirely unfit to preach. Again he looked for compliment comes as a matter of course. If he has filled the appointment of another, he cannot help saying to somebody how embarrassed he was 'knowing how much the people were disappointed.' The ready answer will be: "you did well, brother; the people were pleased with the change. I hope it will happen so again."

It is also common for this class of men to remark in relation to their creditable and sometimes excellent pulpit efforts, "I made a miserable failure to-day, I hope you will not take that as a specimen of my preaching," and again the wind will come in thro' the quill.

These are examples of the thousand and one modes of teasing and coaxing for empty praise; inhaling tubes through which the hollow puffs are drawn and enjoyed as a delicious nectar.

Public apologies (except in rare cases) are of the same piece and look strongly in the same direction.

When flattery is sought it can always be obtained, being a cheap and worthless commodity. There is not one person in fifty but that will praise you when he sees your love for it, and especially when you ask him to do so.

The individual who pursues the course above described feeds upon husks and wind, but more largely upon the latter. The drift of his mind is soon discovered by all sensible people. He belittles himself in their just estimation, and renders himself an object of unmitigated disgust. He soon loses his reputation for solid sense (if such reputation he ever had) and shears away his strength and influence in the pulpit till his weakness and folly are manifest to all men.

You may read the history of the church and find that men afflicted with this weakness have never risen to any great eminence.

The christian minister above all other public men should prepare himself thoroughly for his public duties, and having performed them as best he could, go to his closet and commune with God whose work he has been doing, asking his blessing upon the sermon instead of running around among the people like a simpleton to find out "how it took."

If a well merited compliment comes unsought and unsolicited by any round-about allusion on your part, it is well enough, and if it does not come it is just as well; perhaps better. But should it come, be not vain over it, and above all do not go and tell it to others.

The people themselves are often greatly at fault in this particular. Preachers are but men and are subjects of temptation.

Flattery has inflated and ruined the best of men in both church and State. Then a young preacher comes to think he is in danger of loosing spirituality and diminishing his usefulness.

The practice of puffing ministers through the papers should in our judgment be refrained from. Some may be able to bear it but many are not able. The less of this public wholesale wind work the better.

Hoping to benefit young men especially, we have penned these few lines. If any youthful minister is aided by them to discover his faults and remedy them our object is accomplished. If he sees the evil tendencies and folly of his way let him reform and become a *man*.

In conclusion listen to the following scripture quotation: "And this also is a sore evil, that in all points as he came so shall he go, and what profit hath he that hath labored for the wind?"

I will add one more. "And the asses did stand in the high places, they snuffed up the wind like dragons."—*Christ. Advocate.*

Rip Van Winkle in the Supreme Court.

Unlike the antediluvian worthy who tho't when the deluge began that it was not going to be much of a shower after all, Messrs. Sharkey and Walker, counsel for the State of Mississippi, now that the deluge is over, and the new heavens and the new earth begin to appear, are of opinion that there has not been much of a shower. They insist, with the bewildered solemnity of Rip Van Winkle, that the war had but one significance and result—namely, that the loyal citizens were physically stronger than the disloyal. That point having been satisfactorily determined, every thing returns to its previous condition. In a word, say Messrs. Sharkey and Walker, there has been "a little unpleasantness" in the national family, but now every thing is serene.

The petition of these gentlemen to the Supreme Court sets forth, in great amplitude of phrase, that "once a State always a State; that the United States have made an 'irrevocable compact" with the State of Mississippi; that the State can not secede, and can not be expelled; that a military despotism is unconstitutional and that the Reconstruction bill and all the proceedings under it may as well be declared unconstitutional first as last. Now, what other question than this have the people of this country been considering for two years past? What did they decide at the last autumn election but that States that have destroyed their civil government and their relation with the Union can establish a government and resume that relation only upon such conditions as the loyal citizens may determine? The petition of Messrs. Sharkey and Walker is a grave request to the Supreme Court to reverse the decision of the people at the polls. Do these gentlemen suppose that the national will upon such a question as reconstruction is to be set aside by a majority of nine judges?

The argument of the petition is fatal to every political measure of the last two years. It demolishes the "policy" of the President as effectually as the action of Congress, and the attempt to evade this result is as feeble as it is foolish. The petitioners say that, "in concurrence with the view of the President," conventions were held; and that "the people assembled voluntarily, and not by compulsion of the President. Now, nothing is more familiar to the country than the action of the President and the grounds upon which it was justified. In the order appointing Mr. Sharkey Provisional Governor the President recites that there is no civil government in the State of Mississippi; that the United States are bound to secure a republican government to the State, and that it shall be the duty of Mr. Sharkey to prescribe rules for "convening a convention" which shall submit a constitution to Congress. But if the United States had made an irreversible compact with Mississippi, did it authorize the President to appoint a Governor for the State, and to designate who should be voters? If it did not, the argument for the petition is fatal to the President's action.

This Mississippi petition is merely the old fallacy which has been thoroughly exposed and exploded. It is the expiring gasp of the sophism which has been destroyed by the war, that the constitution is a compact or treaty, and not a national bond. It is the final struggle of the rebellion which hopes to save by legal quibbles and technicalities what it could not maintain by arms. It is the desperate effort to undo in a court the decision of a war. It is a fûtile plea against the right of the people of the United States to guarantee the peace of the Union. The wiser people in the Southern States see this as plainly as we. They remember that the Supreme Court has already tried to withstand the current of events and has failed. They remember that Alexander H. Stephens retired from Congress because the Dred Scott decision had secured the victory of "the South." And they have seen Mr. Stevens, the Dred Scott decision, and "the South" mingled in a common ruin. Indeed, the soldiers at the south seem to be the only statesmen. They know that the loyal people who won in the war would no more allow the Supreme Court to reverse their victory than they have the President. The Southern soldiers are deserting fictions for facts. Like wise men, they leave to such gentlemen as Messrs. Sharkey and Walker the task of winning the Court to say that Congress has done wrong, while they themselves earnestly try to win the colored vote and to control the future.

Barnum may be a pious man, but he failed 'to make his election sure.'

CONSTITUTIONS.

It has become fashionable for Democrats of both the great geographical sections of the country to speak of the national constitution as something so venerable and sacred as to hold a unique position midway between enactments having their source in Divine inspiration, and those having their root in human wisdom. Without claiming for it precisely a heavenly infallibility, they exalt it above all purely earthly productions, and hold it to be a species of sacrilege to subject it to revision, so as to meet the growth of political society and promote and defend the new wants of multiplied populations. If the Democrats of either of these great sections had in years past and gone, evinced the same high respect for the constitution, their present assumptions of regard for it would stand in a different and better light than it is now possible to view them. While their zeal and devotion would be ranked among blind infatuations, they would have received credit for feeling what they professed. Now they fall under the imputation of professing a sentiment they do not cherish, and claiming a degree of civism which is not in their natures.

For thirty years, in contradiction of the plain letter of the constitution; of contemporaneous exposition, and of legislative and judicial precedent, they endeavored to deduce from the instrument the most detestible despotism that ever afflicted any portion of the human race. Failing in this, they labored so to construe it as to emasculate all its power and authority, and make its overthrow a pastime. Failing in this, likewise, they made furious war against it, not with words only, but by powerful armies—the Southern portion of them, openly and in face of the Sun; the Northern portion, covertly and by stealth. As they succeeded no better in this, they have changed their tactics, and pretend to be so enamored of the constitution as to be able to give no rest to their minds or bodies through intense anxiety to plead for it, to swagger for it, to denounce for it, and to do everything else except to regulate their conduct and doctrines in conformity with it.

Now, we never have pretended any such consuming zeal for the constitution, for the simple reason that we have not felt it. The constitution is only a law enacted with unusual formalities. The product of human intellects, it partakes of the infirmaties of the minds by which it was framed. Like all mundane things it becomes effete, more or less, in its different parts, and needs invigorating by lopping away the limbs outgrown, and engrafting new provisions suited to the fresh requirements. This was the view Mr. Jefferson, when he said every nation needed a revolution every twenty years. Not that he supposed a struggle of arms was essential every two score years to purify political institutions. There are other and healthier revolutions than those of violence; revolutions that grow out of advancing ideas and elevating sentiments. These are normal in their origin and development, corresponding with the gentler and more beneficent process of nature. It is in obedience to the same conception that the present constitution of New York provides that a convention of the people shall be held every twenty years for its revision. In accordance with this provision a constitutional convention will soon assemble, and the indications are that numerous and important changes will be made in the organic law.

It would be well if a similar stipulation existed in the Federal constitution. However that instrument may have been adapted to the condition of the people at the time it was promulgated, a period has arrived in which large modifications and improvements are needful in it to meet the progress in population, in interests, in ideas, and in emotions. The old bottle has been found incapable of holding the new wine. This does not proclaim that the bottle never was good, but that having performed all the service possible, a new vessel, of greater capacity, is now indispensable.

This view, we are aware, is offensive to political pharisees. They hold that institutions are supreme; men and women altogether subordinate; that Sundays and constitutions are intrinsic and personal, not for use and convenience; and that human beings were created that these might be observed and respected. If this race of formalists would only die out they would lay the world under unspeakable obligations.

The present constitution of Pennsylvania was framed thirty years ago. Since then, though some changes have been made in it, there has been no thorough and searching revision. It needs a general overhauling, and would get it if a convention were to assemble. The late Legislature was pressed to provide for the election of such a body; but the plunderers, inside and outside the chambers, perceived that by this step their craft would be endangered, both immediately and for all future. They took alarm, and suppressed the movement, lest the source of their gains should be cut off. From this, people of the Commonwealth ought to take a hint. The only cure for Legislative corruption, which has become so rank and unblushing as to scoff at exposure and defy responsibility, lies through such a change as shall make all who hold or want corporate franchises independent of the General Assembly. The brokers of Legislation, and members who trafic in votes, will never voluntarily relinquish their opportunities. A power which they dare not resist must constrain the order for a convention, and then the people can apply the remedy.—*Pitt. Gazette.*

A good story is told of a rather verdant agricultural laborer who, having by hook and by crook scraped together fifty dollars, took it to his employer with a request to take charge of it for him. A year after, the laborer went to another friend to know what would be the interest on it. He was told three dollars. 'Well,' said he, 'I wish you would lend me three dollars for a day or two. My boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me a year, and I want to pay him the interest for it!'

'A New Way to Pay Old Debts;' stop drinking and go to work.

WHO WAS RIGHT?

James was a happy, playful, noisy boy. He delighted in that kind of sport which made the most stir and resulted in some kind of demonstration. One day his mother lost all patience, and cried out:

"James stop your noise and sit down quietly for the next hour, or I will punish you."

"Why, mother," said he, "I can't keep still. I'd burst right open, I know I would, if I couldn't run and laugh and get the noise out of me."

Be patient, good parents, and if you are blessed with boys that have a good deal of noise in them, let it come out. Such are the boys that will make a stir in the world, if you give them a chance.

'THEM'S 'EM.—We have often heard of remarkable cases of absence of mind. Here is one equal to any thing we have seen lately. The man was doubtless a very interesting head of the family:

'I say, cap'n,' said a little keen eyed man, as he landed from the steamer Potomac at Natchez; 'Isay, cap'n, this here ain't all.'

'That's all the baggage you brought on board, sir,' replied the captain.

'Well, see now, I grant it all O. K. according to list—four boxes, three chests, two band boxes, a portmanty, two hams—one part cut—three ropes of inyons and a tea kettle; but you see, cap'n, I am dubersome. I feel there is something short. Though I've counted 'em nine times, and never took my eyes off 'em while on board, there's somethin' not right somehow.'

'Well, stranger, the time is up, there is all I know of; so bring your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we are off.'

'Them's 'em, darn it; them's 'em! I know'd I'd forgot something.'

IN A SAFE PLACE.—A correspondent tells this story. A traveler is relating hair breadth escapes to an admiring audiance.

'I once had two balls lodge in my stomach.'

'Pistol balls?' asked one.

'No.'

'Ah, musket balls, then?'

'No,' returned the narrator, 'they were as large as my fist.'

'Why, you don't mean to say they were cannon balls!' exclaimed one of the hearers, with distended eyes.

'No, they were not cannon balls.'

'Why, what were they then?'

'Codfish balls,' returned the traveler with a grin.

THE *English Independent* tells that the late Rev. William Thorpe, of Bristol, was so stout that on one occasion, when about to take part in an ordination service, it was found that the pulpit was too narrow to admit him in the ordinary way, and he had to be assisted over the side into his seat. He then rose to deliver his address. It was on 'The Importance of a Right Introduction into the Christian Ministry,' and he founded his discourse on the parable in which it is declared that 'he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep, while he that climbeth up some other way, the same as a thief and a robber.'

THE following scene lately occurred in one of the courts of justice in New Orleans, between the Judge and a Dutch witness:

'What is your native language?'

'I pe no native; I'se a Dootchman.'

'What is your mother tongue?'

'Oh, fader say she pe all tongue.'

'What language did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?'

'I speak not any language in de cradle I only cried in Dootch.'

'DOES the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Auger of Freedom* intoxicated?'

'Not at all, sir. I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all.'

A cross grained old bachelor says that 'tin' is the favorite *belle* metal now-a-days.

A Charleston paper thinks that all the rights the South obtained by war were funeral rites.

Hanging in Montana is styled 'climbing the pine limb,' and in Nevada 'early rising.'

A Frenchman has defined fidelity to be a 'devil of an itching which you are not at liberty to scratch.'

A man in this borough has got so deep into debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

'Why is it, husband, that whenever we send to the grocer for a pound of tea or coffee that it falls an ounce short?' 'Oh, it's a *weigh* he has.'

In Louisiana minority forms no impediment to a legal marriage, the laws of that State requiring that the bride be not less than twelve, and the bridegroom not less than fourteen.

Such lively music was rendered by an organist at a 'high church,' in New York, that an old man actually got on the aisle and commenced to dance a breakdown.

A little boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant near relatives, &c: After thinking a moment he said, 'Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got.'

The people who did'nt draw the Chicago Opera House in the late lottery, all say now that they intended to give a good deal of it away in charity if they had drawn it. It seems that Providence knew 'em too well to trust 'em.